Volume LXXXI CHICAGO, July 11, 1918 Number 19

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

FREEDOM

What freeman knoweth freedom? Never he
Whose father's fathers through long lines have reigned
O'er kingdoms which were heritage attained.
Though from his youth to age he roam as free
As winds, he dreams not freedom's ecstasy.
..But he whose birth was in a nation chained
For centuries; where every breath was drained
From breasts of slaves which knew not there could be
Such thing as freedom,— he beholds the light
Burst, dazzling; though the glory blind his sight
He knows the joy. Fools laugh because he reels
And wields confusedly his infant-will;
The wise man watching with a heart that feels
Says: "Cure for freedom's harms is freedom still."

—H. H.

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UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

ESTABLISHED 1878

$2.00 PER ANNUM

With THE FREE RELIGIOUS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS, and all other organizations and individuals seeking to widen fellowship and to realize the Brotherhood of the Spirit unrimmed by creed, form or sectarian prejudices.

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The UNITY Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

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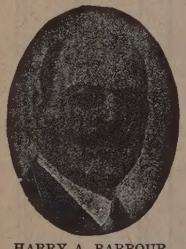

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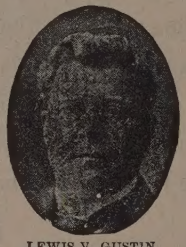

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VOL. LXXXI. THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1918 NUMBER 19

AN INSPIRED THOUGHT

These beautiful lines, written by a little French girl, speak volumes of truth:

"There is a river in France so narrow that a bird could fly over it with one waft of its wings, and men could even speak across it. There are thousands of people on each side of this river, and yet they are as far apart as right is from wrong.

"There is an ocean so wide that the sea-gulls cannot fly over it, and big liners take days to cross it. There are thousands of people on each side of this ocean, and yet they are so close that their hearts touch."

A significant State Conference dealing with the housing question is to meet in Des Moines, Ia., September 26, under the auspices of the commission of which Rev. C. W. Reese of the Unitarian Church is chairman. Each county in the state is to be officially repersented by a physician, a lawyer, a banker, a laborer, a farmer, a minister, and four women delegates. The State University and other educational institutions in the state are to take part in the program and experts from as far away as New York are expected. This is looking towards a preparedness profoundly worth while.

"Everywhere have I sought peace and found it nowhere, save in a corner with a book."—*Thomas à Kempis.*

"A book may be as great a thing as a battle."—*Disraeli.*

Aye! Many books have far outreached in political as well as ethical influence the greatest of battles. There is a book that deals with the "decisive battles of the world." The title is never mentioned but what even the intelligent stop to guess at the list. But it is easy to mention the titles of as many books that have had world shaping influences. Charles Sumner in his great oration on the "True Grandeur of Nations" made a greater contribution to human progress and the civilization connected therewith than was achieved on any battlefield recorded in American history.

Lloyd George is level headed and clear headed on the drink question. A recent issue of the *Christian Science Monitor* contains the following letter from him addressed to Dr. Poling, President of the National Temperance Council of the United States:

Dear Dr. Poling:

I am following with great interest the war restrictions on alcohol actually enforced and those under consideration in the United States of America.

We have ourselves not been neglectful of the necessities imposed by war. We have stopped entirely the manufacture of spirits; we have cut down the brewing of beer by more than two-thirds, and the hours during which it can be sold to less than one-third.

Should the exigencies of war necessitate further restrictions we shall adopt them. Will follow with interest your campaign for the enforcement of war prohibition in the United States of America.

Were the following figures offered by any journal less staid, "sane" and conservative than the *Ladies' Home Journal* we would be disposed to treat them in the nature of a joke. As it is we hope that they are exaggerated and we print them that they may be contradicted. Taking them on their face value they awaken serious thoughts and grave anxieties. To an "Old Soldier" of '61-'65 they indicate, not necessarily a degeneracy on the part of the men at the front, but an enormous increase in the luxuries of life—not the soldier boy alone is steeped in luxury but the age in which he lives. The *indulgencies* have become *necessities*. We are old fashioned enough to be shocked that the "Y. M. C. A." should find in the line of its "Christian" duties the handling of cigarettes, other tobacco products and chewing gum by the tons. The seige of Vicksburg and the battles of Gettysburg and the Wilderness were carried to a successful issue without such generous provision of *"Christian Amenities."* But here are the figures. We leave our readers to their contemplation:

Just a single order for goods for our boys' canteens "over there." Mark you: these quantities are in tons!

600 tons of cigarettes, which means 216 millions of cigarettes!

125 tons of cigars, which means 6 million 450 thousand cigars!

312 tons of smoking tobacco: 624 thousand pounds!

4 tons of shaving sticks!

60 tons of chewing gum, which means 2 million 250 thousand packages: 5 pieces in a package: 11 million 250 thousand pieces of gum!

635 tons of hard candy!

10 tons of tooth paste!

2850 tons of sugar, because the Y. M. C. A. is making its own eating chocolate in Paris.

250 tons of biscuits.

225 tons of cocoa.

500 tons of condensed milk.

375 tons of canned fruit.

And this is only one order! Hard to take in, isn't it?

Rochester, N. Y., has a Presbyterian minister, Rev. E. B. McGhee, who sees beyond the trenches and rises above battle lines. In a recent sermon he said:

"Wars are never ended by fighting. We say we are fighting to put an end to war. The most we can do is to effect a truce. We think the peace that will follow this war will be permanent—that will depend. Wars begin in the thoughts, wishes and purposes of men; if they end ever, it is there that they will end. When men stop thinking war—wishing for war—preparing for war—war will then cease."

* * * * *

"The church is responsible for guiding the thoughts of men. We will have to get a new mind and a new heart.

When we say church we mean the prevailing majority. The church has never been without a saving remnant. The assumption of the nations has been that every nation is a law unto itself, each the final supreme arbiter of its own affairs. Nations have believed that force is the only way by which rights may be maintained. Churches in these countries have accepted this basis and, hence, every nation is the natural enemy of every other nation."

* * * * *

"If every nation is an independent sovereignty and bound to maintain itself by force, there can be no enduring peace. One of the real, fundamental businesses of the church was and is to denounce those assumptions which have been keeping war in the world. It is not true that every nation is a law unto itself. It is not true that every nation is the natural enemy of every other nation. All enmities are unnatural. Love is the law of the universe; the law of God is binding on nations as well as men.

"Let us confess it—we, the church, have not sought 'first the kingdom of God.' The church had no voice to be heard at the opening of the war. We need a reconstruction of our religious life—a John the Baptist calling on us to repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand. If the same old religion remains, the same old hell will remain. If we like the harvesting, we have but to continue the sowing. We know that industry, education, politics, and internal relations have got to be changed. If the same old religion remains it will be swept away. The people must be given right teaching of God's Word, and of God. Few at present believe in the law of love."

This minister dared to say that the churches had become "gospel-hardened"; he said in some branches of the British army men are forced to attend church. Three things are necessary before the church can assume its proper relation to humanity; *to wit*—Fearless exposition of the Bible in the light of the best scientific criticism. Preaching an ethical gospel in which the Christian laws will be applied to actual life, and the preaching of Christ without idle speculating. The penalty of disobedience to the dominant law of love he said was

"death, spiritual dealth, which means hate and spite and jealousy and fear and suspicion and their accompanying curses. This war is a penalty visited upon mankind for disobedience to the law of love. The penalties of disobedience are instant, deadly.

"We must get rid of our petty sectarian divisions in the church and their incumbrances. The tragedy of the war speaks a great warning to us. Will we heed it? Can we afford to wait till after the war? *We cannot begin too soon.*"

The peace friends of Scandinavia are profiting by the neutrality maintained by their respective governments. They are still free to write, to speak and still better to act in the interest of that negotiation and international statesmanship that is to end the war. When the bayonets have done their utmost on both sides of the firing line, when exhaustion either of food, munitions, funds or human life is reached, then reason must at last step in and close the combat. The following communications explain themselves, Alas! there are other causes than distances and the limitations of time that place the American colleagues of these soldiers in the international army of peace beyond the reach of the Stockholm meeting. But such an army exists and it may yet be possible for President Wilson the first of high officials to recognize such an army and the master spokesman for the international brotherhood they fight for to lead in the negotiations that will bring the peace beyond the victories.

Dear Sir:

The Committee for promotion of International Justice and Brotherhood is one of the working committees of the Swedish Peace and Arbitration society. In sending out the enclosed invitation for Conference we hope to unite the societies and individuals of the Dissenters, the Friends, the Theosophers, the Temperance parties, the popular Leagues for Democracy and Peace in belligerent and neutral countries, who—as well as the workers and the women—by the moral and ethical force of their conviction certainly have the right of proclaiming their ideas regarding the principles upon which the future of humanity should be constructed.

We hope that you will embrace our invitation with interest and spread it among the members of your board and of your society, as well as among other friends of International Justice and Brotherhood. We should be happy to receive any delegate or delegates for whom it might be possible to join the conference. We also hope to reckon upon your assistance in adding to the funds of the conference.

CARL LINDHAGEN, *President.*
E. WAERN-BUGGE, *Secretary.*

THE APPEAL.

The inexpressible sufferings which the world-wide War has caused the tormented peoples, and the cruel injuries, which it has inflicted upon their highest ideals, have with inexorable and—let us hope—unavoidable explicitness manifested the necessity of fortifying the future basis for human intercourse. This intercourse between as well as within the nations must be founded upon the principles of justice and brotherhood. It seems to be of the most vital significance for the future of Humanity, that the work of Reconstruction should begin without delay. We therefor appeal to religious communities, to social and ethical societies and to individuals, interested in such questions, each in their country and if possible in co-operation with fellow-believers in other countries to participate in this great work of Reconstruction. For its world-wide promotion a conference will be held in Stockholm 24th-28th of April under the presumption, that a sufficient number of representatives and individual participants will be able to assemble from belligerent and neutral countries or otherwise to communicate with us. Further notice will be given in the press. For information and notification of participation write or cable to the secretary of the committee, address Bugge, Continental, Stockholm, Sweden.

Editorial Correspondence

The transference of the editorial sanctum from Chicago to Tower Hill has for a quarter of century taken on the nature of an editorial pilgrimage. In the earlier years it was a walking excursion, then came the happy days for the man on horseback and the silent companionship enjoyed with "Jess" and "Roos" of blessed memories. For the last three years the independence of the "little Ford" has increased the distances by eliminating time. In all these years it has been a case of "the farthest way around is the best way home."

This year the speedometer tallied a thousand miles between Lincoln Centre and Tower Hill, while the railroad even in these war days charges for only one hundred and eighty miles. "Tourists," "excursionists" and "scenic hunters" may rejoice in New England, California and Canadian scenery, and their overflowing enthusiasm as revealed in newspaper and maga-

zine columns is justified. Those who can afford these trips are to be congratulated; the UNITY functionaries are often found dreaming of the time and money that will make such high toned privileges theirs. Meanwhile without a touch of envy the humbler radiance of roadside beauty and farm affluence, such as may be found in Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin, satisfies the eye, the heart, and the head of the UNITY travelers.

What a revelation of thrift, home comfort, and municipal progress, the itinerary gives that leads from Chicago through Geneva, De Kalb, Dixon, Sterling in Illinois; Clinton, Cedar Rapids, Waterloo, Cedar Falls, and Charles City in Iowa; Austin, Owatonna, Zumbrota, Faribault, St. Paul and Minneapolis in Minnesota; Hudson, Rice Lake, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, Marshfield, Stevens Point, Kilbourn, Reedsburg—and home.

To an old tramp the first besetting surprise, the great sociological lessons, relate to the triumph of the road. Oh, the "old roads"! through the marshes, over sandy stretches and among the stumps, the pitted, rutted, muddy trails that were death to the horses and weariness to the riders, There are no such roads left for the tourist who studies the guide book and follows the long trail. Long stretches of cement, brick, Macadam and gravel roads enable the "little Ford" to spin cheerfully along at the rate of forty miles an hour. But the intervening miles of "dirt-roads" were still greater surprises in the main; they yielded equal delights. The Iowa "dirt-roads" that are superseding the bottomless mud in which the prairie schooners of the fifties were so frequently "stalled" now yield the "solid footing" or rather "wheeling"—level as a barn floor. These straight stretches of splendid roads that chart the rectangular farms of Iowa are largely psychical triumphs. An Iowa dirt-road in its perfection is fifty per cent brain, twenty-five per cent labor and twenty-five per cent common dirt. Good roads in these western states are largely a matter of engineering. It is a problem of grading, a question of draining, and the patent "graders," "roadplaners" and the triumphant King's "split-log drags" which are now made of steel, dragged along by powerful tractors, yield the magnificent result with the minumum of human sweat.

After the roads come the fields—the big fields; the monotony of the corn rows a quarter of a mile long is broken by the alfalfa fields and the big herds reveling "belly deep in clover." Iowa and Minnnesota pigs in June turned out to grass are positively beautiful; they fleck the landscape as if they were flocks of turkeys.

Roads and fields inevitably lead the eye to the homesteads embowered in shade trees, embroidered with the flower beds touching with radiance ample and well-kept lawns.

And all these have supplanted in the memory of the Editor of UNITY the forlorn dry goods box type of house of the pioneer that once dotted the dreary nakedness of the prairie landscape.

An all day ride with a sense of nothing to do but enjoy the day gives time to note the school houses and churches in passing. The "STANDARD SCHOOL HOUSE" of Illinois deserves a chapter in a book dealing with progressive sociology.

There was a drop in school architecture and district school thrift when we came into Iowa. There were occasional specimens of the original forlornity at the cross roads, unpainted, with an unkempt, unfenced and unfurnished school yard—even this kind of yard in some cases was wanting. But these were exceptions. Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin have their discoverable centers of power in these democratic temples of learning. In the closing days of June the spring time of the century was a bloom with the little boys and girls carrying home their books on the last day of school.

What of the country churches? A tourist with a fifty-year-old memory misses this outward evidence of the rural piety of those early days. Oh, there were many, pretty country churches, brick, stone and frame, painted white with the proper setting of fences and gates and ample horse sheds, but almost invariably such churches were surmounted with a Catholic cross or bore a tablet indicating a Scandinavian or Germanic constituency. If in these cases the horse sheds were dilapidated, it was a relief to learn that they were no longer necessary for the worshippers in the main came in their automobiles.

This thousand-mile tour through the richest part of the North Middle West leaves the "country church" where UNITY has placed it these many years—among the grave social problems of our times and country. This ride, sought as a rural escape, was by no means a country ride. The life of the Mississippi Valley cannot be divided into two classes only, metropolitan and rustic. Our itinerary was like a string of beautiful beads strung along a country road. The hamlets, villages and small cities encountered about every six miles or so, with their paved main streets, electric lights and nearly always ample shade trees, and sometimes budding promises of parks abide in the memory as present beauty spots and prophetic centers of power. These smaller cities and little villages are even now growing big men and noble women, prospective law makers, physicians and preachers as well as farmers and efficient men of business and home makers. They are the feeding ground of colleges and universities.

But these twelve days of escape from mail and telegraph came to an end on Sunday, June 23. Tower Hill, as hospitable, more shaded and better groomed than ever before, welcomed us. In due time the old habitude will be resumed—not simply resting from work but working in the interest of more and better work, when the metropolitan tasks are resumed in the autumn.

Oh, it was a great ride—richer in its spiritual than in its physical beauty. Nature every where was sound—the soil and the sun were conspiring in the interest of abundant crops. Human nature was none the less sound. God and man working together in the interest of manliness and brotherliness. Oh, we saw soldiers, loyal and brave boys, training for the fray, but they were passing incidents in the pageant of life. Peace and love are the promise of the prairies, the reward of the toiler, the destiny of the United States, the banner bearer of civilization—the hope of the nations.

J. LL. J.

Compulsory Military Training

A recent number of the *Internationalist* contains a symposium on this subject. The declarations by David Starr Jordan and Secretary Baker are here appended on account of their profound importance.

My primary objection to Compulsory Military Training in the United States is that the scheme itself, whatever the motives for which it is urged, is at once reactionary and suicidal. It would mean the introduction into a democracy of a system fundamentally at variance with its principles and which if rigidly carried out for a few generations would destroy democracy.

There are two forms of discipline, leading to two forms of efficiency. The discipline enforced from above, whereby the individual man becomes "a brick in the wall of an edifice—the nature of which is unknown to him," leads to mass-efficiency, and individual incompetence. The discipline from within, by which in freedom a man creates his own status, and shares a personal responsibility in all public acts, leads to individual effectiveness, and through freedom of development to national intelligence and wisdom.

The purpose of three years of military servitude in Germany is not to make good soldiers, but to make bad citizens. The purpose and result is blind obedience and docility, abject trust in officialism and abject subservience to the demands of wealth and power.

The purpose of the system is industrial quite as much as military, and in both capacities alike it puts the people at large at the mercy of the ruling oligarchy.

The military system may make for order. The unabashed rule of the rich, characteristic of Germany, makes a community comfortable for the favored classes, but it has no other merit, and being essentially lawless, sooner or later it goes down in blood. In the various states of Germany there exists no positive law,—that is, law made by the people and for the people. All popular rights are granted from royalty and all legislation is subject to absolute veto. It is so with all autocracies, and when the brass-bound system breaks, there remains no law at all. A democracy may be ignorant, tyrannical, misguided, but it is never as a whole lawless, for its law is of its own creating.

In favor of Compulsory Military training it is urged that many of our youth lack in physical development. This statement is often exaggerated, but in so far as it is true, military drill offers no remedy.

The only physical training of value is in a well-ordered gymnasium, or in well-planned camping parties and excursions into the open. To be worth while, all such training must be under competent teachers and under educational, not military control. To use old troopers as teachers of growing boys, as has been done in Australia, shows the worst possible way of training boys.

It is, besides, in accord with our principles of Home Rule that our schools should be under local control. A system managed by a Central Bureau at Washington would be intolerable. Then again, boys who are not in school need physical training even more than those who are, and girls need it quite as much as boys.

It is true that the hope of this war—and the main justification for our entrance into it—is that it is "a war to end war."

Our relation in this regard has been clearly and powerfully stated by the President. To save civilization we must do away with armies. Our position at the peace negotiations would be farcial if while declaring for lasting peace we made provision to have AFTER THE WAR, the most powerful army in the world.

The simple fact is that our own plutocratic elements have discovered the value of compulsion as a means of subduing the laboring masses. Germany has pointed the way, and the desire to subdue Germany is tempered by the desire to adopt Germany's methods of dealing with the "ungraded masses."

In this they will never succeed as a permanence,—not so long as America remains America. And the surest way for these elements to bring down "Bolshevikism" on their own heads is to persist in attempts to undermine our own "bourgeoise" democracy.

This country has been built up by free men who have something to lose through disorder or despotism, and who under just conditions are able to take care of themselves and have something left over for the public welfare.

—*David Starr Jordan.*

* * *

The department has not sought and does not now seek legislation on the subject of universal military training for the reason that the formulation of a permanent military policy will inevitably be affected by the arrangements consequent upon the termination of the present war. Civilized men must hope that the future has in store a relief from the burden of armament and the destruction and waste of war. However, when a permanent military policy comes to be adopted, it will doubtless be conceived in a spirit which will be adequate to preserve against any possible attack on those vital principles of liberty upon which democratic institutions are based, and yet to be so restrained as in no event to foster the growth of mere militarist ambitions or to excite the apprehension of nations with whom it is our first desire to live in harmonious and just accord.

—*Newton Baker,* Secretary of War.

PRAYER FOR A WORLD HURT SORE.

Lord God we lift to Thee
A world hurt sore,
Look down, and let it be
Wounded no more!

Lord, when this year is done
That wakes today
Many shall pray to Thee
Who do not pray;

Let all lips comfort them,
All hearts be kind,
They who this year shall leave
Their joys behind;

Give them Thy comforting,
Help them to know
That though their hopes are gone
Thou dost not go;

They who shall give for Thee
Lover and son,
Show them Thy world set free,
Thy battles done!

Lord God, we lift to Thee
A world in pain
Look down and let it be
Made whole again.

Good Housekeeping. —*Margaret Widdemer.*

The Shame of the American Churches

[The following article written by a prominent Congregational minister in the East deals clearly with a matter too little discussed. The proverbial conservatism of organized religion and the timidity of ecclesiastics has received significant exemplification in the attitude of organized Christianity in regard to what under other circumstances all preachers and churches have declared as a sin. Killing whether by individuals or by groups of individuals called the state, has been called a crime, and still in this last outbreak of organized violence the churches first protested, then deplored, then prayed for success, and at last boldly called the devout in all the nations to arm themselves and rally to the battle-standard.

Have not the American churches followed this program even more persistently than their European colleagues? Are there no church people in America to respond to this high movement of the Scandinavians? There seems to be something smug, to use a mild term, amounting almost to arrogance on the part of the "Federal Council" that presumes to speak for thirty-three different demoniations of orthodox Christianity when it decides that "it is not advisable to take definite action on the matter at this time." We cannot believe that this Federal Council has a right to speak in this ex-cathedra fashion for all the churches it affects to represent. Even if this were so we are sure that the boundaries of this Federal Council, however imposing, are not co-extensive with the Christian people in the United States. There is a vast extra-orthodox constituency in the religious life of America that the Federal Council cannot speak for. The immense Catholic constituency on the one hand, the Quakers, the so-called liberal denomiantions, the Jews and other radical organizations on the other hand, are to be reckoned with when it comes to the matter of statecraft, statesmanship and international pieties. If the Federal Council thinks the time has not come to act, should there not be some effort on the part of those who believe that it is always time to mobilize the forces of love and to marshal the soldiers of peace to take action? For only through such action is the peace that all parties and powers pray for, to come. It was time for Jesus to *take a stand and to declare himself* when Peter drew his sword in the garden and the declaration on Calvary was *timely* when the great triumph of the tragedy was reached, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do!"—EDITOR.]

Are the churches of America afraid to try the Christian method of bringing the war to an end? Or have they no desire to try it?

About a year ago some prominent churchmen in Scandinavian countries proposed that representative Christians from both neutral and belligerent countries should meet in order to pray and talk together about the world-catastrophe, proposed to hold what was then sometimes referred to as a "Christian Stockholm." It seemed verily unthinkable to many that radical groups from various nations on both sides should try to meet and come to an understanding with each other, and that Christians should make no such effort. The proposal of the Scandinavians met with considerable favor in England, such influential men as Henry T. Hodgkin of the Friends and Dean Wm. Ralph Inge of the Established Church going on a committee to further the matter. It is understood that in America the proposal was referred to the Federal Council of Churches and put on the shelf.

Now, however, a definite invitation has been received by the Federal Council to send representatives to such a conference to be held next September, probably at Upsala, Sweden, or Christiania, Norway. The invitation is signed by H. Ostenfeld, Bishop of Seland, Denmark; Nathan Soderblom, Archbishop of Upsala, and Jens Tandberg, Bishop of Christiania. According to the Clipsheet of April 1, 1918, issued by the Federal Council to the religious press, the Pope and other Roman Catholic prelates, together with twenty-five Protestant communions and certain special groups, have received invitations. The same source informs us that the Scandinavian brethren are proceeding very cautiously in making arrangements, apparently fearful that it may not be easy to induce Christians to come together to pray to their common Lord if the nations of which they are citizens happen to be at war. The understanding is that "careful arrangements will be made so that representatives from the various belligerent countries will not meet, publicly or privately. Sectional meetings will be held between neutrals and representatives of one side, and the question of a general meeting will arise only after complete unanimity has been established with regard to the subjects comprised in the agenda and on the assumption that both parties wish for such a meeting."

The Federal Council's Clipsheet continues: "The subjects proposed for discussion are: (*a*) The spiritual unity in Christ of his disciples. (*b*) The shortcomings of the Church with regard to the realization of Christian brotherhood and of the spirit of Christ in all human relations. (*c*) Possibilities and duties of the Church in counteracting the evil passions of war and promoting that frame of mind which makes for righteousness and good-will among nations. (*d*) The Christian doctrine on the sanctity of law and on the work of international legislation. (*e*) Actual church problems, *e. g.*, The Mission Field."

Surely our Scandinavian brethren are mistaken in supposing that there will be any difficulty about getting Christian people from both sides in this sad conflict to come together to talk over such matters as these! Surely no elaborate precautions need be taken to prevent Americans and British and Germans and Austrians coming together in such a conference and kneeling down together from the very outset! It might seem so. But what is our own Federal Council of Churches doing with this invitation? The Clipsheet from which I have been quoting ends with this announcement: "At a special meeting of the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council it was agreed that it was not advisable for the Federal Council to take definite action on the matter at this time." Since definite action must very soon be taken if there are to be men prepared to go to Europe by September, this simply means that the matter is once more quietly laid on the shelf.

Can it be that the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council is prepared to take the responsibility of defeating this idea of a Christian conference at this time, so far as America's failure to take part can effect that result? If so, can it be that the Committee actually represents the Christian public opinion of America? This proposal from Scandinavia is by far the most important proposal, from the point of view of the churches, that has been made since the war began. Surely our Christian leaders are wise enough to make such arrangements that this conference will not needlessly embarrass the governments involved. What other objection to holding it can there be? Think what it would mean if the churches in all lands were actually to give themselves—humbly, penitently, hopefully, prayerfully, aye, in love—to the carrying out of this plan! If Christian leaders were once to show courage and skill in the use of distinctively Christian methods, and so were to speak peace to the earth! This conference if held in the right spirit would become the greatest Council in all the history of the Church.

My reader, if you think the attempt to hold this conference ought to be made—and what else in God's name ought Christians to have been doing these last four years nearly except precisely making this attempt to reach friendly hands across the bloody gulf that divides us?—then there is something you can do to arouse public opinion. Do it. Speak to your friends. Get in touch with your denominational leaders. Get your church or club to pass resolutions and send them to the Federal Council of Churches, 105 East 22nd St., New York. London Yearly Meeting of Friends (Quakers) has accepted the invitation and promised to appoint official representatives. If any body of Christians on earth is to accept the invitation of Ostenfeld, Soderblom and Tandberg, American Christians ought. Let us pray that the greatest of the Councils may meet next September.

Providence, R. I. A. J. MUSTE.

Are the German People Democratic?

(Translated from a letter to a friend in France)

The question of the day is: "Are there anywhere leaders of German Democracy? Where are the men in whose name German Democracy can act? Will these ever have a majority behind them? Must we not doubt as to the democratic rebirth of Germany in view of the facts of the war which is to give peace to a people who publicly know nothing of Democracy?" To this end, we must answer, they have had no chance of expression.

The trend of the German people is toward democracy. In Prussia the Social Democrats have now a clear majority, which will show itself in Landtag and Reichstag, whenever a fair system of voting is established. *"The German people* (and *especially the Prussian*) *thinks, reads and votes democratic.* What of the leaders? Only wait! Who in February, 1917, had ever heard of Kerensky? Who outside of special circles knew anything of Tscheidse or of Miliukoff? I could name dozens of notable competent Germans, democrats (and republicans) in body and soul who tomorrow may be leaders of the German nation, but who if they came forward today would be branded as traitors to their country.

It is pressingly necessary that the peoples of the Entente-lands should at last give up the legend, no longer applicable, *of a great undemocratic, servile, militarized German people.* To cling to this is to poison the coming peace. It is a historical fact, too little heeded, that the democratic idea, slumbering in every people, arises with military defeat. There might have been no Third Republic in France without Sedan; no Russian republic without the overthrow of the Romanoffs in 1905 and 1914-16.

Bring the German people to realize this and just the same as any other nation they will be "ripe" for that self-government which can be the only guarantee of peace in the Europe which is to come.

(*Hermann Fernau, in Friedenswarte for August,* 1917)

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Man with his burning soul
Has but an hour of breath
To build a ship of Truth
In which his soul may sail,
Sail on the sea of death.
For death takes toll
Of beauty, courage, youth,
Of all but Truth.

—*John Masefield.*

Our Own "Belgiums"

To go back to Belgium. Hatred is holy, then, and its absence unholy, in cases like "Germany in Belgium." Today we ought to hate crime such as that harder than we ever hated it before. Man's capacity to hate such things will grow, the better he becomes. Yet hatred as commonly felt is a withering emotion, corroding the hater, whatever it may do to the hated one. The Hate that Heals is a very different affair. Two conditions are essential to it. The first is—What thou hatest in another, thy neighbor or thine enemy, thou shalt hate in thyself, and hate worse in thyself than in him. Obviously, hate of a given atrocity is not the righteous and perfect hate, unless it be felt wherever similar atrocity is found and by whomsoever it is done. There is distinct hypocrisy in hating mightily in anyone else what one is conscious of tolerating even a little in oneself. So before we Americans have a right to hate "Germany in Belgium" as much as we should, we ought to ask ourselves carefully, Have *we* any "Belgiums" of our own? Are there any little peoples towards whom *we* are acting the part of a "Germany"?

It may be easier to be honest about ourselves, if we try the question first on our allies. What nation was it that had a Boer war on her hands a few years ago, of which she is already heartily ashamed? What nation, not long afterwards, joined hands with another to smother the rising aspirations of Persia, under the *camouflage* of "spheres of influence"? Has England a "Belgium" in Ireland, in Egypt, in India, as the German Chancellor has been suggesting? The spasms of reparation in Ireland today indicate a sense of sin and repentance. What was France doing in Morocco and calling "peaceful penetration" during the decade before the war? What was Italy doing in Tripoli but yesterday? And what of the secret arrangement about the Dalmatian and Albanian coasts that looks so like a lure to bring her over from neutrality to the Allies? What was Serbia hoping for in Macedonia? Who was England's partner in that intrigue against Persia, and what of Russia's rough-housing in northern China? Japan has helped herself to Korea; is she satisfied—or has she like hunger towards China? And Belgium herself—today she is victim; but whose hands scarcely ten years ago dripped with brutalities in the Congo, at which the world shuddered? A Belgian king's. In crime-content these "Belgiums" may not approach the one at which we have been looking, but the difference is one of degree; they are all akin to that other, all illustrations of the principle that "Might Makes Right." England certainly has a way of inflicting her "kultur" in potions that bring blessing along with subjection and awaken warm loyalties in subjects—witness the volunteers trooping to her defense in her peril today. But conquest is conquest—it is not "consent of the governed," it is not "democracy"; witness, again, the live coals of revolt in Celtic Ireland and the smoulder of revolt in India.

Germany points at these things and says: "If you, why not I?" Why not, indeed, if the Allies do, and mean to go on doing, such things? Those secret treaties with each other, revealed by the Bolsheviki, that planned to redistribute parts of Europe and eastern Asia at the war's end, make it clear they had been *hoping* to go on—hoping thus until our Presi-

dent interrupted them with his "Come up higher!" Pacifists from the beginning have been asking, "What right have sinners to prevent a fellow-sinner from doing what they do in kind themselves?" As set against the necessity of thwarting Germany's fell purpose of world-mastery, the question is futile; her victims must be rescued, liberty and justice maintained, and the world kept safe. But as an argument for ceasing from like wrong ourselves, if we set out to defeat Germany's greater wrong, has it not force? Are the Allies hating, *can* they hate, "Germany in Belgium" as much as they should, unless ready one and all to forego their own similar greed? More than that: if they adopt our American war-aims as voiced by Mr. Wilson for their own—to guard the rights of little peoples, to make the world safe for democracy, to assure lasting peace—would it not strengthen their moral and political position immensely, both during the fighting and at the peace-table, if, in presence of the watching nations, they were to rise and together announce, "We will do ourselves what we demand of Germany, and here and now we begin the new righteousness"?—England, for example, saying to Ireland, "Take your independence!" and to India and Egypt, "Take the measure of home rule you ask for!" Difficult? Of course—but arch-diplomacy! An act of confession and renunciation like that might go far towards winning Germany herself back towards the Right. It would appeal to the nobler conscience of all nations; it would bring peace the sooner; it would make all the problems of reconciliation and reconstruction easier. And is not America hoping that the result of the war will be exactly that all-round purification of Europe? Will anything short of that general purification be winning the world for democracy?

Now for ourselves. Have *we* any "Belgiums" towards whom the United States is acting a "Prussia's" part? Any little peoples who are suffering injustice at our hands—injustice not comparable to the crucifixion going on across the sea, but in species akin to it? We have four such "Belgiums": our Negroes in both the North and the South, our Indians, our Filipinos, and Labor in its struggle with Capital. With each of the four we have made a beginning of justice; to not one of the four have we completed the justice and done what is due.

Our Indians. After eighty years of foul treatment in Florida, the few surviving Seminoles have just been granted title to a hundred thousand acres of swamp land in the recesses of the Everglades, to which the white man drove them years ago. Until this very last year they have been "men without a country" in the land of their forefathers. Throughout our history we have been treaty-breakers with the Indians. The savage jest, "the only good Indian is a dead Indian," has often proved a savage reality. In the West there are always white-man encroachments on Indian rights, with cabals at Washington supporting them; ask the Indian Rights Association what was up last year, and what threatens now.

The Filipinos have had our early promise of autonomy and independence renewed to them in the preamble of the recent "Jones law," and the substitution of native for American officials is under way. It is a past story now, but, when we think with scorn of "Germany in Belgium," let us not forget, whatever the shame of the recollection, our own outbreak of "imperialism" in those islands twenty years ago, our $20,000,000 purchase of the population from their European mistress, our war of conquest, the "water-torture" inflicted by American soldiers, the raiding of the villages, our praise and promotion of a Funston for his ruse so bold, so successful, and so black a stain on American chivalry. Few of us today are "Imperialists." As Moorfield Storey, Friend of the Friendless, has prophesied: "When peace comes, it will find the whole world an Anti-Imperialist League." Lest that peace find *us* the one recreant, let us see to it that we keep our promise by speeding the hope of the Filipinos to its fulfilment, namely, national existence with neutrality protected by international safeguards. It is an opportunity all our own to practice the new-dawning principle—"the right of every little people to self-determination." An Island Republic in the Pacific! It would redeem our wrong; would lessen our danger, if enemies threaten; would strengthen our moral standing with the whole East; and it would put into *deed* what we *say* is our aim—the extension and security of democracy in the world.

Our twelve million Negroes constitute a nearer and larger "Belgium." White leaders at the South have begun to catch the significance of black migration from the Land of Lynching, Affrightment, Disfranchisement and Segregation; the land of court discriminations, unjustly scanted schooling and "Jim Crow" legislation. Let us be honest; for one moment of intense, unmitigated Hell nothing in Belgium's tragedy, or hardly in Armenia's, outranks an American lynching. And "no progress has been made towards crushing out that unspeakable curse of the South," says a Southern paper. But no longer can we call it merely the curse of the South, it has spread to the North. All we can plead in our shame is the difference, whatever it amounts to, between, in our case, the sudden frenzy of a local mob, *always screened and condoned by its community,* and, in Germany's case, a national program deliberately planned, avowed, and steadily carried out.

Night is slowly passing from the Negro's sky. The Supreme Court in 1915 handed down decision against the "grandfather" disfranchisement devices that devitalized the Fifteenth Amendment, and quite recently has decided against segregation. The American Federation of Labor, after years of grim exclusion, is beginning to see advantage as well as justice in granting to colored labor the protection of trade-unions. The infant "National Party" in its first platform is demanding enforcement of the franchise laws. Dawn is spreading—but so slowly to those who long for the full day of equality! Admittedly, the white South still feeling as it does, the problem of the Negro's rights is a difficult and dangerous one; but one entire ninth of our population is involved, and till we face the problem with more of the courage of justice, how can our Government profess to set standards for "democracy"? With so many noble measures of progress, economic, social and political, to its credit, what single thing in its five years has the present Administration done to *decolorize* democracy? A recent *Crisis** tells us of Civil Service rules set aside

*The monthly organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Membership in the Association costs $1.00 a year; the *Crisis* for a year $1.00 more. It is ably and fairly edited. An earnest effort is being made to increase the membership to 50,000. A membership as large as that would make the Association a much stronger power for good. Why not "do your bit" to help right a great American wrong by becoming a member and taking the magazine? (70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.)

in Washington to oust colored girls from places earned in competition. In the riot at Houston, had the colors been reversed—the provocation coming from black citizens, the resentment from white soldiers—would it have taken all those military executions to vindicate law and order? At this moment the great Methodist Church of the North is preparing to segregate its colored members in order to regain union with the Methodists of the South. Throughout the North, how dwarfed to all of dark face and their children is our "American" opportunity for employment, for social happiness, for growth! "The Negro feels that he is not regarded as a constituent part of American democracy. This is our fundamental grievance and lies at the basis of all outrages inflicted on our helpless race:" so says, and truly, one of the race. "Half-man" is the practical rating. Fifty years have passed since four years of Civil War and amendments of our Federal Constitution made the Negro nominally our fellow-citizen. By their own exertions, against obstacles on every side, millions have made their title good—and what an arraignment of our "democracy" is their Bill of still existing Grievances!

With help instead of hindrances from white men, with fair treatment as to civil rights and public school education from the States, with sympathetic oversight instead of indifference from the Federal Government, the *pace* of progress might be doubled or tripled, and another generation see the main difficulties of the Negro problem overcome, the dangers of the problem over. It is well to know what the twelve millions are looking for as outcome of this war. Prof. Kelly Miller, in his "Open Letter to the President," speaking for his race, says that, spite of all the wrongs to which it has been subjected, its attitude to the country is, "Though you slay me, yet will I serve you!" and asks: "The Negro, Mr. President, in this emergency, will stand by you and the nation—will you and the nation stand by the Negro?" Principal Moton of Tuskegee believes, "We can approach the future with renewed hope that justice and right will inevitably prevail. The coming triumph for democracy cannot but mean for the Negro an equal share with other citizens in the blessings and privileges that it offers." Can the President and white Americans with his words, "To make the world safe for democracy," ringing in their hearts, mean otherwise?

As for Labor, still the largest of all fields of exploitation and injustice, it is so evidently expecting to take care of itself and of all of us after the war, that, in the worst sense, at least, we may not much longer have to account it one of our "Belgiums." When the day of reparation comes, may it not come as a Day of Judgment? Millionaires are often good men, and men good for something; but any system that produces millionaires and at the same time slums, is evil. And there seems to be four times as many *bi-* and *multi-*millionaires in America today as there were before the war—besides that one man who is said to have an *income* of $60,000,000 to do good with! With four times as many Socialists, also, and forty times as many Socializers, surrounding these millionaires, something is bound to happen soon! Democracy in industry is certainly going to supplant autocracy in industry.

These are our four "Belgiums." Now those questions asked above in reference to our Allies recur in application to ourselves. Are *we* really hating, *can* we hate, "Germany in Belgium" as much as we ought, unless we are ready to forego all "Prussianism" in ourselves? Among the nations ours stands forth pre-eminent, the champion of the People's Government. Shortcomings in democracy are worse in us than in any other people, because we are Americans. All the vast dislocation of life wrought by the war, our vast outpour of treasure, the vast offering of our youth to suffering and death, is to "help make the world safe for democracy." But with these four minor "Belgiums" of our own, have we yet "a democracy safe for the world"? Many are asking this question in just these words today. Evidently it is not safe for at least twelve millions of us.

Not long ago the *New York Times* sternly rebuked a certain speaker for referring in an address to such facts as these. Such questions and reminders, it said, are not of present importance; they serve to divert attention from the one great issue, the winning of the war. To some of the hearers they sounded actually "pro-German!" But if these facts are *utilized* as they should be, the exact contrary is true; nothing is more pertinent to that issue. For think carefully! Much more than most wars, this war is a war of moral values. Moral assets in it are distinctly military assets. The motive with which our country enters it, as stated and restated by our President, the sacred pledge given that we are seeking absolutely nothing in return for sacrifices but the safety of the world, the liberties of little peoples, the justice and peace which all nations alike need—this has been, it is, it will be, a *military* asset, doubling in value the worth of our armies. Every man in arms we send over seas stands there representing that motive, knows that he stands for it, is known by the French and the English, and half-known by the Germans, to stand for it. When he thinks of that motive and pledge, he feels his country's hand upon his shoulder. It stirs him with joy. Pride in, love for, a country that wars like *that,* steadies and empowers him in everything he does. Something holier than even patriotism thrills him—the thought that his country's good is one with the wide world's good.

In personal experience there is but one other thing that equals, and it possibly exceeds, in moral effect the power of such self-consecration to a lofty and perilous purpose. It is a certain humiliating experience, namely, repentance, honest confession, and earnest endeavor to right a wrong that one has committed. Nothing more graces and enthrones a man in the eyes of others than that. Seldom, almost never as yet, have *nations* risen to the height of a voluntary repentance and reparation, but similar enthronement awaits a nation as an individual. Let a strong nation, through its representatives, acknowledge publicly and right a wrong it has done, from that moment that nation will stand higher in the judgment of mankind, carry more influence, be more trusted, honored, followed and loved. By the whole diameter of the moral circle the German is wrong and the direct opposite of his motto is the fact. Not Might maketh Right, but Right maketh Might, among the nations. The world is far enough along in ethics today for this to be truth. More and more, in spite of the war, and largely by means of the war, the ethics of the individual are coming to be the ethics of the nations. And people think Christianity is collapsing!

How could this country, led by its President, do

any one thing so conducive to the end for which we claim to be in the war as to right our wrongs done to our own "Belgiums"—to begin, before this Spring's violets go, to settle our Indian and our Filipino questions, to start vigorously on our Negro problem, to end all outstanding claims with little peoples south of us? None of these rightings need take much time in Congress, if we really and solidly *mean* right; for we have pondered many years already upon the wrongs. More than armies and guns, more than ships and aeroplanes, such action would convince the Powers abroad how sincere and how profoundly serious we are in our war-making. England and France would be stimulated by it to do likewise with *their* inconsistencies and insincerities. It would rebuke all secret hopes of conquest by any of the Allies—and the rebuke may still be needed. Russia would be steadied by it. The Germans would hear of it. Our President hopes to reach behind German rulers to the German people themselves with his words; but a national *action*, interpreting and making good his words, would find deeper penetration and secure far more belief. *As a war measure* nothing we can do would so effectively help to strengthen and widen democracy in the world as for us to rectify our own short-comings in democracy, and do this frankly in the spirit of a man repenting of his wrong. Sixteen short words hold the gist of wisdom as well as of duty for us: *Give up doing what we fight Germany for doing; do what we ask Germany to do.*

This, then, is the first condition of the *Hate* that Heals: What we hate in another, to hate worse in ourselves, and to purify ourselves of our own iniquity.

Be it added, such self-cleansing would help us at home. The more thoroughly we exorcize all spirit of Prussianism before the war is over, the better will it be for us after the war. We are likely to bring back from the battlefields a habit of force and violence that may make for great trouble in settling our social problems at home. There is conflict before us; and we shall need all the spirit of fairness, forbearance, conciliation and co-operation we can possibly muster, when we try to secure to the Negro his rights and arrange the new relations of Labor and Capital.

WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

Chapter III from "The Hate that Heals."

Copies of the complete pamphlet can be procured by sending 25 cents to the author at 3 Berkeley Place, Cambridge, Mass. All receipts to go for Red Cross work.

A SPRING.

From rifted granite veins, far-hid and cool,
Drop by slow drop I fill my shallow pool.

Along my narrow marge no Naiads lie
To watch cloud-revels in the mimic sky.

No pilgrim through this many-fountained land
Casts a luck-penny on my nameless strand.

But where my runnel slips away unseen,
Spearmint and marigold show darker green;

And oft some timorous bird that loves the light
Slakes here his thirst before a longer flight.

And thus not all in vain through me distils
Some of the hoarded treasure of the hills.

Harper's Magazine. —*George Meason Whicher.*

THE PULPIT

Is God a Democrat?*

By CURTIS W. REESE, First Unitarian Church, Des Moines, Iowa.

The struggle of the ages is upon us. The battle line encircles the globe. Not one person is exempt from the conflict. Every idea, every symbol, every creed must give an account of itself. The line of demarkation is being sharply drawn. Democracy and autocracy are in deadly combat.

For centuries the battle lines have been forming. Many scouting parties have crossed "no man's land" and returned with crowns and thrones as trophies. Nations have been destroyed and nations have been brought forth. And the end is not yet.

In industry, in education, in science, in philosophy autocratic and monarchic methods and spirit have been weighed and found wanting. The democratic method and spirit are being written into the life of the new day.

In only one field is the battle-line formation still chaotic, and that is the field of theology. Many who are democratic in politics, in industry, and elsewhere, are still monarchic in theology. The popular idea of God today is autocratic and monarchic. God is still largely spoken of in terms of the old order. That he has been so conceived and so styled is but natural, since a people's idea of God usually grows out of their environment and is expressed in the nomenclature of the existing order: and once so developed and so expressed an idea dies hard. Hence God is commonly called "king," and the reign of righteousness is called the "kingdom" of God. Witness the hymns: "Come, Thou Almighty King," "O Worship the King, All Glorious Above," "O Thou Who Art My King," "Teach Me My God and King."

We still speak of "bowing" before God, as subject bows before sovereign. The whole outline of current theology presents God as sovereign and man as subject; thus duplicating in theology monarchic ideas of government. The time has come when there should be a theological declaration of independence. The time has come when we should proclaim the emancipation of the God within from the abstractions cast in the moulds of dyeing monarchies. We have had enough of kings, both visible and invisible. I proclaim God as The Great Democrat!

A monarchic idea of God cannot satisfy a democratic people, once they understand the implications of democracy. I am zealous for the perpetuation of the God-idea. But that idea is in danger of scorn, or worse neglect, unless it can be rescued from its old line friends, and expressed in the language of the new day. An idle king, with crown and throne, surrounded by idle, flattering, parasitic courtiers, cannot arouse respect and love on the part of the toilers of the world.

For a half century and more magazines and journals have been loaded with articles on the declining influence of the church. And little wonder that the church has declined in influence, since it has denied the God of its founder—who spoke of God as working hitherto—and has proclaimed a kingly idler who

*Outline of a sermon preached Sunday, June 9, 1918.

by direct fiat could but does not save the world. Against such a monarchic idea of God the democratic soul revolts.

Our symbols react on our souls. It is hard to continuously differentiate between the letter and the spirit, between the symbol and the thing symbolized. The letter is often mistaken for the law, and the symbol for the thing itself. Our spiritual ideals are colored by the continuous use of ancient symbols.

In theology as elsewhere, no man can successfully serve two masters. No man can be monarchic in his theology without an unwholesome reaction on his political views. The soul of man cannot remain half slave and half free. Either democratic ideas and symbols will completely supplant monarchic ideas and symbols or the monarchic will crush the democratic. No compromise is possible.

To fail to evolve a democratic idea of God is to confess spiritual bankruptcy in democratic government. Heretofore types of government have always possessed enough spiritual power and sufficient spiritual interest to create gods in their own image. Does democracy possess less spiritual power and fewer spiritual interests than old governmental types? I think not. I am sure democracy is more spiritual than the old order. At bottom democracy is a spiritual order. Fellowship is democracy's soul, and fellowship is spirituality. We are under deep obligation to reinterpret God in democratic terms.

Democracy is not a body of laws. *Democracy is inwardness and inherentness; it is fluidity, incompleteness, struggle outward and upward; it is companionship, fellowship, warmth, love.* Simply interpret God in the light of democracy and you have The Great Democrat, you have an idea of God in harmony with the best thought of the modern world; you have an idea of God expressed in terms full of meaning for the modern man; you have an idea of God that warms and cheers and inspires!

The Great Democrat is not only in but also of the universe; or better, he is not only imminent in but also identical with the universe. God is all substance, all consciousness, all processes, and all results. The ancient was approaching the truth when he said, "whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend into heaven, behold, Thou art there! If I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou are there!" Newton approached the same truth when he spoke of "a being who present to all things sees and embraces all things present within himself." Emerson was stating the same truth when he said, "The currents of the universal being circulate thru me: I am part and parcel of God."

To me a transcendent, monarchic God is becoming more and more impossible. Indeed if "that which does nothing is nothing," as Bergson says, then the transcendent, monarchic God has ceased to be, since his functions have been taken over by the great within. We now think of the universe as a self-existent, self-developing, self-adjustible organism. Why multiply troubles by going back of and outside of the universe, when there is and can be no "back of" or "outside of" the universe?

All the urge that has brought the universe with its myriads of forms of life up to the present moment is from within the universe. All the "slow wishing" of the ages is from within the universe. All the social achievements, all the moral ideas, all the spiritual values are from within the universe. All this and infinitely more finds its fathomless fountain head in the heart of The Great Democrat.

The mighty cosmic struggle is the travail of God himself. He in his myriads of forms of being, hungers and thirsts, dreams and achieves, fights and dies, and is reborn times without number. I could not love a God who could but would not stop a world calamity such as we witness today; but seeing in this world crisis the travail of God himself, I sorrow at his losses and rejoice in his gains, feeling that I myself am part and parcel of it all.

The Great Democrat has not already attained but is in the process of attaining. He "worketh hitherto" and will ever work. God has been commonly associated with a throne or with an arm chair. His angels have worn "spotless robes." He has servants to serve him. The whole atmosphere of the heavenly court, as portrayed in popular theology, has been such as to provoke riots. The construction of the "city above," the "dwelling place of God," as evangelically described, goes Bryan several better and suggests the free and unlimited use of all precious metals. The extravagant paraphernalia of an oriental monarchic court is no fitting symbol of the life of The Great Democrat who sweats drops of blood as he travels ever up new and higher calvaries. The pen, and the pick, and the trowel, and the cross, these are the fitting symbols of his great life struggle.

God has not yet fully attained but is only attaining. The western front is unanswerable evidence that man, the highest expression of God, is still in the making. The cannons of that front have battered the dogmas of the ages to pieces. The doctrine of an "Almighty King" who can speak worlds into existence is gone for thinking people.

God labors as we labor. He suffers the handicaps we suffer. He has felt the thorns and the nails and the spear. He has been "gassed," tangled in burning wires, and wounded sorely. He knows the pain and the sorrow of it all. Yet he sees only one way out, and that way is everlasting struggle toward the harmonious ordering of his own great Self. No other way is open. He cannot speak and end it all; but he can bravely bear it all!

The Great Democrat is companionable. The big ideas in democracy are companionship, fellowship, sympathy, love. Castes, and clans, and sects, are foreign to the spirit of democracy. Democrats toil together. They enter into and sympathetically understand one another. They counsel one another. They assist one another. They are forever mutually helpful!

Can theology be reinterpreted in harmony with this democratic spirit of mutual aid? I think so. But that means the dethronement of the gods of old. It means that we keep on our shoes in the presence of God, since all ground is holy and God is everywhere. It means that we cease "bowing" before God. It means that we look God straight in the face—as a fellow worker, as a companion, as a friend!

Have we not longed for just that kind of friendly God? We have often felt cold chills of despair creep over us as we thought of God on a great white throne,

arbitrary ruling the universe, while the idlers of the court lounged in millennial rest. We have longed for a God by whose side we might stand, in whose hand we might place ours, whose heart beat would quicken ours, and whose destiny would be linked with ours. Such a God is The Great Democrat! He suffers as we suffer. He rejoices as we rejoice. He loves as we love. He is one with us, one with the flowers and birds, one with the brooks and the seas, one with the plains and the mountains, one with consciousness and love! He is one with the tiniest atom, and one with the farthest star. Nothing is foreign to him; nothing is beyond him. He is all and in all!

THE GREAT SILENCE.

To Richard Aldington.

One by one war calls them, and they go.
They slip away from us as slip the falling leaves;
Backs turned, they melt away,
They are merged in the mud-brown torrent of the battle.
And we, who stand on the brink and watch them,
See them growing dimmer, fainter,
Here and there perhaps a look, a gesture, or a smile,
Meaningless in itself, containing thoughts unspoken.
And after they have departed,
Only the silence remains.

The great deep silence;
It grows ever deeper, greater;
On it one might brood for ages without wresting from it its meaning;
For it is filled to the brim with lost and forgotten things.
Words that might have been spoken,
Songs that might have been written,
Deeds that were never accomplished,
Strange hates and stranger loves.
All of these lives that stood at their first morning
Drop away into silence,
Leaving us who remain
Surrounded with a still, immeasurable ocean
Every day more great.

One by one death calls them and they go.
And since their lives ebbed not but suddenly stopped,
As a pendulum might stop between one swing and another,
We who remain are puzzled and afraid:
Are these the truly dead or have they gone
But on a sudden journey to another planet,
Feeling that this grows cold?
Perhaps it is we who remain who are truly dying,
Perhaps—who knows?—
They in their silence keep aloof from us,
Because the life we have is the false life of the dead.

The immense cold silence
Parts us from them for ever:—
Unless to fling out bridges of love across it,
Useless to stud its vastness with shallow tombs.
It is immeasurable.
The little life we have in it is like an island, parted
Forever from reality by rolling waves of silence.
Nothing can come again
Across those seas to us who linger here,
And tho we should ring glad bells and sing our songs of victory,
Nothing would come to those silent dead except perhaps a hollow echo,
Troubling for an instant their sleep, as they lie sealed up in the darkness.

Poetry. —*John Gould Fletcher.*

The Supreme Question

The Supreme Question is not whether we shall all conserve food. Of course that is necessary, but it may not avail. It is not whether we must rid conquered territory of invaders. That goes without saying, but it too may not avail. Nothing will avail that will not end war. There were six wars in the fifteen years before this war and Germany was not in one of them.

The Supreme Question is whether victory, after all its unspeakable agony and cost, is going to end war. If not, then victory will spell a real defeat. The work of the soldier is that of a battering ram which knocks down an adamantine wall; but after he has knocked it flat, then other hands than his must clear away the debris, mark out a new ground plan, bring fresh material and rear a new political edifice for a supernational organization.

If all we achieve is military victory, and we revert to the old system of rival armies and navies, this world will gradually become a hell. It will not be on the basis of the *status quo ante;* it will have world conscription. Science will focus its work on making more deadly gases, tanks and bombs and on inventions that by the turn of a crank will wipe out a whole city. To the unthinkable war debt which will hang a millstone of taxation around the neck of every child in Europe and on many here, there will be added new and heavier taxes for more preparations.

If victory by might is not followed by a political and moral victory as well, if world organization does not supplant world anarchy, then our brave boys will have cried in vain, "Never Again." Then all the agony and woe will have been for naught.

Unless the world learns the lesson of this war, learns what are the deep underlying causes of war, and how to remove them, most of the work that we now are doing will have been done in vain.

This is a startling thought and it has not yet reached the mind of the average man and woman. The average person is childish and does not know that unpreparedness for the Peace Settlement will bring failure even after victory. It will matter little that President Wilson is now prepared. He may not be President when the war ends. Unless Congress and the people and the Allies have reached his insight as to the policy for true statesmanship, he cannot play the part of Atlas and carry the world.

His statement of peace terms is loudly applauded. "Of course we agree," we say. But do we? Has one citizen in five, one club in five carefully studied his fourteen points presented on January 8? Every one who is working for universal military training after the war, is working against the will of the Administration and is trying prematurely to pledge us to the idea that this war will not end war and has to be a moral failure.

President Wilson and Secretary Baker honestly believe that it is possible to establish a League of Nations; that it is possible to settle territorial questions so that they need not breed future war; that so far as possible there must be "removal of economic barriers and an equality of trade conditions, no private international understandings of any kind . . . absolute freedom of the seas in war and peace." The President says we are willing to fight for this. But

the Home Market Club is by no means willing. It wants to follow the war with higher tariffs. Premier Clemenceau is skeptical about a League of Nations; an octogenarian, he looks backward and cannot see the necessities of this new era in human history. The British cabinet is only half-hearted about it and has never withdrawn from its dangerous proposals at the Paris Conference of 1915, in which it planned an economic war after the war. It professes to stand with the President who spoke frankly in his reply to the Pope against "the establishment of selfish and exclusive economic leagues," but it needs to do more than tacitly repudiate its blunder. The President's conception of the high seas as under international control is still a very new one in the land that has claimed "Britannia rules the seas." Congress in August, 1916, did rise in the Hensley act to the President's idea of practically universal disarmament after this war ends. If the present Congress votes for universal military training after the war, it will repudiate that act.

The patriot today has many ways in which to show patriotism. The two most important are in conserving life and in sowing the seed of great ideas. One way is to save the lives of American babies. A man in the trenches has seven chances to live to one of the American child in its first year. We may not know which nation has really won until we count the next generation.

But the most rare and most needed service is creation of an intelligent public opinion that will support the statesman in the White House and make this war worth while. When the Peace Settlement comes, unless all the peoples have a voice in it, the old type of diplomat hidebound by precedent, a nationalist with no international vision will tie the hands of twenty nations for a century to come. Whether the world is to move forward or backward for generations depends on what is thought out by free peoples during these most critical months.—*Lucia Ames Mead.*

From the "General Federation Magazine."

Extract from "Recollections" by Lord Morley

P. 269. "I must confess to you that I am watching with the deepest corncern and dismay the thundering sentences that are now being passed for sedition, etc. I read to-day that stone-throwers in Bombay are getting *twelve months!* This is really outrageous. The sentences on the two Tinnevelly-Tuticorin men are wholly indefensible—one gets transportation for life, the other for ten years. I am to have the judgment by the next mail, and meanwhile—thinks he has said enough when he tells me that "the learned judge was in no doubt as to the criminality of the two men." This may have been all right, but such sentences! They cannot stand. I cannot on any terms whatever consent to defend such monstrous things. I do therefore urgently solicit your attention to these wrongs and follies. We must keep order, but *excess* of severity is not the path to order. On the contrary, it is the path to the bomb. It will be insupportable if you, who are a sound Whig, and I, who am an "autoritaire" Radical (so they say) (?), go down to our graves (I first) as imitators of Eldon, Sidmouth and the Six Acts, and all the other men and policies which we were both of us brought up to abhor."

P. 292. "I confess that it alarms me that a capable man like him should suppose that the fact of his having no doubt of another man's sympathy with something constitutes the shadow of a justification for locking him up without charge or trial. You may take my word for it, my dear Viceroy, that if we do not use this harsh weapon with the utmost care and scruple—*always, where the material is dubious, giving the suspected man the benefit of the doubt*—you may depend upon it, I say, that both you and I will be called to severe account, even by the people who are now applauding us (quite rightly) for vigour. It is just some momentary slip in vigilance that has often upset apple-carts and damaged political reputations, if reputations matter."

A Parable for the Times

The Rev. John Pollyanna was making his customary calls upon the sick of his parish. He had just been elected President of the Society for the Extraction of Sunshine from Cucumbers, and optimism fairly radiated from him. He entered the home of one of the members of his church who was suffering from a violent fever.

As soon as he saw the patient, Mr. Pollyanna nodded his head several times, in evident satisfaction, murmuring softly "Splendid! Fine!" Standing by the bedside he rubbed his hands together in manifest joy and said: "My dear fellow, I never in my life saw you looking so well. The glow of health is on your cheeks. If you can retain such good color after your recovery from the fever, it will be a proof that you are healthier than ever. How bright your eyes are! I trust that they will always shine as they do now. And how strong you are! I am told that early this morning, when you were somewhat delirious, it took three men to hold you in bed. Why, man, three days of fever have developed more strength in you than three months of physical culture would have done. All you need to do is to carry this wonderful strength into the after-fever period, and then it will be clear that this illness was a great blessing to you. Thus God brings good out of evil."

On the following Sunday Mr. Pollyanna preached an eloquent sermon on "The Spiritual Benefits of the War."

HENRY W. PINKHAM.

HANDS.

Strange, how this smooth and supple joint can be
  Put to so many purposes. It checks
And rears the monsters of machinery
  And shapes the idle gallantries of sex.

Those hands that light the fuse and dig the trap,
  Fingers that drive a world, or plunge through shame—
And yours, that lie so lightly in your lap,
  Are only blood and dust, all are the same.

What mystery directs them through the world
  And gives these delicate bones so great a power? . . .
You nod your head. You sleep. Your hands are curled
  Loosely, like some half-opened, perfumed flower.

An hour ago they burned in mine and sent
  Armies with banners charging through my veins.
Now they are cool and white; they rest content,
  Curved in a smile. . . . The mystery remains.

Yale Review. —*Louis Untermeyer.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

FROM THE FIELD OF WAR.

A charming story comes to us from stricken Belgium. In the little strip of its territory still held against the German invader some peasant children returning from school passed a wayside shrine, and kneeling devoutly said their prayers. "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive—"

But here they faltered as they thought of the awful sorrows the enemy had brought upon their country and themselves. Suddenly a firm, manly voice took up the burden of their prayer and went on with it to the end, "as we forgive them who have tresspassed against us." The children turned—it was Albert, King of the Belgians, who, standing unseen beside them, had joined in their devotions and led them in the perfect way of Christ. C. W. W.

THE IMMIGRANT CONTRIBUTION.

I am the immigrant.
Since the dawn of creation my restless feet have beaten new paths across the earth.
My uneasy bark has tossed on all seas.
My wanderlust was born of the craving for more liberty and a better wage for the sweat of my face.
I looked towards the United States with eager eyes kindled by the fire of ambition and heart quickened with new-born hope.
I approached its gates with great expectation.
I entered in with fine hope.
I have shouldered my burden as the American man-of-all-work.
I contribute 85 per cent. of all the labor in the slaughtering and meat packing industries.
I do 7/10ths of the bituminous coal mining.
I do 7/8ths of all the work in the woolen mills.
I contribute 9/10ths of all the labor in the cotton mills.
I make 19/20ths of all the clothing.
I manufacture more than half the shoes.
I build 4/5ths of all the furniture.
I make half of the collars, cuffs and shirts.
I turn out 4/5ths of all the leather.
I make half the gloves.
I refine nearly 19/20ths of the sugar.
I make half of the tobacco and cigars.
And yet I am the great American Problem.
When I pour out my blood on your altar of labor, and lay down my life as a sacrifice to your God of Toil, men make no more comment than at the fall of a sparrow.
My children shall be your children, and your land shall be my land, because my sweat and my blood will cement the foundations of the America of Tomorrow.
If I can be fused into the body politic, the melting pot will have stood the supreme test.

—*Frederick J. Haskins.*

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THE F. R. A. MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

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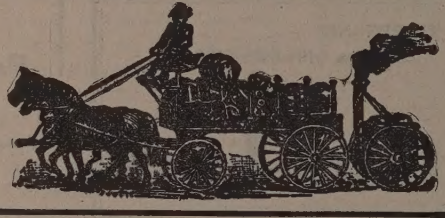

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